

EVENING LEDGER

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

CITIZEN H. K. CURTIS, Chairman

W. H. WEAVER, Secretary

EDITORIAL BOARD

CITIZEN H. K. CURTIS, Chairman

W. H. WEAVER, Secretary

JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

Published daily at Public Ledger Building

10th and Chestnut Streets

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Subscription Terms

By carrier, daily, six cents

By mail, in advance

Advertisement Rates

First insertion, per line

Second insertion, per line

Third insertion, per line

Fourth insertion, per line

Fifth insertion, per line

Sixth insertion, per line

Seventh insertion, per line

Eighth insertion, per line

Ninth insertion, per line

Tenth insertion, per line

Eleventh insertion, per line

Twelfth insertion, per line

Thirteenth insertion, per line

Fourteenth insertion, per line

Fifteenth insertion, per line

Sixteenth insertion, per line

Seventeenth insertion, per line

Eighteenth insertion, per line

Nineteenth insertion, per line

Twentieth insertion, per line

Twenty-first insertion, per line

Twenty-second insertion, per line

Twenty-third insertion, per line

Twenty-fourth insertion, per line

Twenty-fifth insertion, per line

Twenty-sixth insertion, per line

Twenty-seventh insertion, per line

Twenty-eighth insertion, per line

Twenty-ninth insertion, per line

Thirtieth insertion, per line

Thirty-first insertion, per line

Thirty-second insertion, per line

Thirty-third insertion, per line

Thirty-fourth insertion, per line

Thirty-fifth insertion, per line

Thirty-sixth insertion, per line

Thirty-seventh insertion, per line

Thirty-eighth insertion, per line

Thirty-ninth insertion, per line

Fortieth insertion, per line

Forty-first insertion, per line

Forty-second insertion, per line

Forty-third insertion, per line

Forty-fourth insertion, per line

Forty-fifth insertion, per line

Forty-sixth insertion, per line

Forty-seventh insertion, per line

Forty-eighth insertion, per line

Forty-ninth insertion, per line

Fiftieth insertion, per line

Fifty-first insertion, per line

Fifty-second insertion, per line

Fifty-third insertion, per line

Fifty-fourth insertion, per line

Fifty-fifth insertion, per line

Fifty-sixth insertion, per line

Fifty-seventh insertion, per line

Fifty-eighth insertion, per line

Fifty-ninth insertion, per line

Sixtieth insertion, per line

Sixty-first insertion, per line

Sixty-second insertion, per line

Sixty-third insertion, per line

Sixty-fourth insertion, per line

Sixty-fifth insertion, per line

Sixty-sixth insertion, per line

Sixty-seventh insertion, per line

Sixty-eighth insertion, per line

Sixty-ninth insertion, per line

Seventieth insertion, per line

Seventy-first insertion, per line

Seventy-second insertion, per line

Seventy-third insertion, per line

Seventy-fourth insertion, per line

Seventy-fifth insertion, per line

Seventy-sixth insertion, per line

Seventy-seventh insertion, per line

Seventy-eighth insertion, per line

Seventy-ninth insertion, per line

has broken down in most discreditable fashion.

Sir Lionel Carden's anti-American outbursts are distinctly adverse to the success of our country's steadfast purpose and policy in the establishment of cordial political and closer commercial relations with Latin America, and should be put a stop to with impressive promptitude by our British cousins.

Morality Comes Before Economics

MR. PENROSE is or is not the directing brains of the organization in Philadelphia and the State. He is or is not responsible for its acts. He approves or he does not approve the bipartisan alliance through which the liquor interests are brought into support of his candidacy. If he is responsible for the notorious political immorality with which his name is associated, he has no right to ask even consideration of his economic views. A candidate must come into court with clean hands. Can Mr. Penrose do that?

Prophecy in Process of Achievement

THE prophecy of Olivier in France, and of August Bebel in Germany, is coming to a realization. It was Olivier, the Prime Minister of Napoleon III, who in a letter to Wilhelm I warned him against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. It was August Bebel who in 1871 alone had the courage to stand up in the Reichstag and plead with the rulers of Germany not to tear asunder the bonds which tied a people together. He boldly proclaimed the lurking danger to the interests of the German Empire and the peace of Europe in such an act. But in vain. Germany was to become a world power, and in executing this design she was to stop at naught.

Educational Appropriations

THE educational budget of the city of New York for 1915 is expected to total the magnificent sum of \$43,135,387, the largest amount ever spent by any municipality in the history of the world, that its children might obtain educations, that they might become useful citizens.

But large as is the sum which New York spends for its splendid school system, Philadelphia is not only equally liberal, but, as a matter of statistical fact, it spends more per child than does New York. Next year the metropolis will expend \$5.71 for each of the estimated total of 750,000 pupils. This year Philadelphia is spending \$6.35 for each of its 196,000 students.

Philadelphia may pride itself on its schools. It is only a question of time when the old structures will be replaced by new; when vocational schools will come into vogue more generally; when summer day and night schools will be the rule rather than the exception.

Hercules in Bondage

BECAUSE the soundness of Republican principles has been confirmed by the risks and fatalities of a Democratic National Administration, the Republican party appeals with redoubled force to the country. Its long reign of accomplishments furnished its positive warrant, and now this has been strengthened by the record of a Congress which, always on the verge of ruinous follies, has been preserved from outright destruction only by the hand of a President far stronger in personal ascendancy than in party regularity.

Should Mr. Wilson let go the steering wheel, the legislative car would plunge through the fence. By exercising the prerogatives of a benevolent autocrat, Mr. Wilson, with what measure of tribulation none but he can fully know, has contrived to save his party's face.

With the Republican party precisely the reverse is true. The party's principles are sound; the party itself is trustworthy and efficient at the core. But it is blocked from power by an evil leadership which the people do not dare to trust with their national destinies. The Republican party is the only party in this State that can safely be given political power if permitted to act of itself, free from boss dictation. It is the boss of Republican Pennsylvania who has driven it out of power and kept it out of power. It is Penrose who has been the head and brains of that bipartisan betrayal of public interests in this State which has shamed the Republican party no less than it has lent the Democratic party a fictitious influence that alone it could not have exerted.

Mr. Taft Set the Example

MR. TAFT was not considered a traitor to his party when he excoriated the Cox machine in Cincinnati. Good partisans everywhere realized that it was proper for a Republican President to take the party livery off men who had stained and soiled it. Only in Pennsylvania is the theory advanced that when burglars have broken into a house they have a legal and ethical right to retain possession. The big fact for the rank and file in this State to remember is that Republican candidates everywhere else in the Union are speaking openly or secretly that Pennsylvania will prove its party allegiance by giving an overwhelming majority to Doctor Brumbaugh and just as emphatic a minority to Mr. Penrose.

The principal die-stuff from Europe still continues to be red.

It appears from the news stories that the Paul Revere of Brussels rode a motorcycle.

Sir Edward Carson has just been married. He will now learn what home rule means.

"K. of K." has used more language in the last few weeks than in his whole previous life.

Serbia's army is not so large, but her official news bureau is fully up to the standard of the allies in sending out reports.

To the first German soldier who sets foot on English soil a Berlin newspaper has offered \$100—just about enough to give his remains a decent burial.

The city of it is that the vast horde of amateur strategists in this country cannot be sent to the front, and to that part of the front where the firing is heaviest.

It may not have had anything to do with it, but the decision of Turkey not to join Germany came remarkably soon after the successes of its allies along the Marne began.

These African troops of the French are said to be the best shots among the allies, but the Africans in American can be backed against any of them when it comes to shooting traps.

Philadelphia school children can't lose very much on account of the elimination of European geography from the schools. They couldn't keep up with all the changes in the map anyhow.

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

UP near Brown's Station in the Catskills they destroyed seventeen villages and tore up the tracks of two railroads. No, this is not a story of the war, merely a recital of what man can do. Having finished the work of destruction, they built a reservoir thirteen miles long and two miles wide—the largest in the world. They also constructed a dam of gigantic proportions, the whole work costing more than \$12,500,000.

A young man, blue-eyed, straight of build and alive to his work, was in charge. He was unknown to the great mass of the people, for he had no press agent, but Philadelphia heard of him and his work. So Mayor Blankenburg induced him to leave the employ of the city of New York and take charge of the water system of this city. At once a hue and cry was raised that the salary of the new man, \$10,000 a year, was out of proportion to his services and that in any case the position should have gone to a Philadelphian.

Since then, Carleton E. Davis has worked wonders with our water system. Typhoid has been reduced to a minimum. The water is clean—the department is run on a business basis which should delight taxpayers.

"DAVIS is the wrong man in that job," said a member of City Councils to the writer. "How in 'war' can he do his work right when he drives out to the pumping stations and filters at three in the morning to see if the men are on the job? No man can despise that way and get down fresh to the office in the morning."

Which is one of the reasons why Davis is making good.

ONCE upon a time there was a gentlemanly waiter at the exclusive Philadelphia Club. Because of his pleasant ways, he was deservedly popular with the members. Now, it so happened that he fell in love with the daughter of the club's steward, who frowned upon a young man who had no prospects. The members watched the love affair with interested eyes, and when they saw how matters were going they decided to help the waiter.

Encouraged by them, he finally eloped with the girl and married her. Then the members furnished sufficient capital for the waiter to take charge of the old Hotel Bellevue. Since then, George C. Boldt has become rich and famous in hotel life.

VOLTAIRE was one of those who proved to the world that the pen was mightier than the sword. Once, when he had paid for a box at the Paris opera, the Duc de Lauzun, a favorite of Louis XV, drove him out. Voltaire brought suit for the ejectment, and the duke's lawyer, in his opening address, ex-coriated the plaintiff thus:

"What! Is it Monsieur Voltaire, a petty ink-slinger, who dares to plead against the Duc de Lauzun, whose great-grandfather was the first to seal the walls of La Rochelle, whose grandfather took twelve cannon from the Dutch at Utrecht, whose father captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy, whose—"

"Excuse me," interrupted Voltaire, "I am not pleading against that duke who was first on the walls of La Rochelle, nor against the duke who took twelve cannon, nor against him who captured two standards. I am pleading against the Duc de Lauzun who never captured anything in his life except my box at the opera."

He won his suit.

LITTLE MISS NINE-YEAR-OLD went to the theatre with her father. They had the best of seats and a box of candy. Her father treated her as a grown-up. The light opera was drawing to a close.

"Father," said the miss, "don't you think I'm getting old enough to be taken to supper after the show?"

And it cost father two dollars to make good his promise to treat her like a real lady.

UNDERNEATH Broad street is a river. It has caused untold bother for builders and it will cause the expenditure of much extra money when the subway is constructed. So far, it has been traced from the northeast corner of Broad and Arch streets, south, curving around the City Hall, as far as Walnut. When the church at Broad and Arch was being built, the subterranean flow was observed and dammed in more ways than one. It came to light again when the Ritz-Carlton Hotel was in course of construction.

There it was observed that it ebbed and flowed in synchronization with the river tide—two inches above normal and as much below. No one appears to know whence it comes, nor where it empties, but it is a really, truly river nevertheless.

ON the street corner of Lyons, in France, stood Elizabeth Felix, daughter of a poor Jewish peddler, playing the violin and singing. That she might aid her sisters and brothers. Eventually she drifted to Paris, where the revolt of 1848 had turned the city topsy-turvy. Somehow or other she fell in with a mob of rioters, maddened with excitement. The rabble rolled along one street into another, until it came to the Theatre Francaise, renamed Theatre de la Republique.

A man lifted Elizabeth to the stage and holding a gun to her head, ordered her to sing the "Marseillaise."

She raised her voice—overcome by emotion, vibrant with the import of the events in which she was participating—and intoned the famous battle hymn. Half singing, half chanting, her voice rose and fell, the hushed rabble seemingly hypnotized by the frail girl. Then she ceased and an uproar of wild acclaim burst forth.

From that moment, Rachel, greatest of French actresses, was firmly established in the volatile hearts of her countrymen. Eventually, when stricken with tuberculosis, she came to this country, but was forced to cancel her tour. She returned to France to die there.

NATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

The National Municipal League is a very well-meaning and high-minded institution, but it is in danger of a moment that the peoples of cities in general, and Boston in particular, have the slightest notion of giving up the right to choose their own Mayors if it is gravely de-luded.—Boston Post.

The moral damage of this war to the school child will be incalculable. It fills his head with daily stories of bloodshed, fighting, prisons, and death. Religion is so overshadowed by the daily story of Christians blowing each other's brains out that it is hard to make it even a reality to him, and as to human brotherhood—present except as we Americans can exemplify it.—Christian Work and Evangelist.

Thus far the war has produced no great poem, and the first forthputtings of the poets in connection have been disappointing, but it is too soon to abandon hope. The first shock was too strong for poetic expression, which requires a transformation of emotion into definite form. It will be surprising if some notable poetry is not inspired by the war, and

even now a masterpiece may be taking shape.—Springfield Republican.

The problem of stock market resumption in this country is the problem of providing the proceeds in such other shape than gold as Europe will be willing to take.—New York Fun.

We put Henry Lane Wilson out of the business of so-called diplomacy. If Great Britain wishes to satisfy the United States, it will do so the same with Sir Lionel Carden.—New York World.

The immigration restriction bill that appears to have been pigeon-holed somewhere in the Senate should be resurrected and passed.—Nashville Banner.

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

A Hair-Raising Joke

From the little we have seen of people hair, it appears to be woman's clowning glory.

'Twas But a Dream!

He ate two big Welsh rabbits— In the land of horror staid. He dreamt of it was a frightful dream— He dreamt that he was married.

Cause for Mirth

"Why are the hyenas laughing so hysterically?" asked the visitor to the Zoo. "Somebody mentioned 'just now,' explained the keeper.

"Insert name of statesman you don't like over well.

Thus Died a Hero

There was fire in his eye and his fist in his hand. "Where's the dishonored printer who set this obituary notice?" he thundered. "What's wrong with it?" meekly asked the third substantial city editor.

"Wrong with it? Everything! I wrote a beautiful poem, beginning: 'She was left a weeping widow' and that blabbered printer made it read: 'She had cleft a weeping willow.' Then I wrote: 'Throw thy pearls before the swine.' And how did it come out? How? I ask! 'Buy thy curls as I do mine.'"

Gently, yet firmly, they killed him, for obituary poets are taboo in highest journalistic circles.

Speaking of Names

She was round and she was ruddy. And her cheeks were like the rose; And she weighed at least one-eighty As the hay scale record shows. She was sound as any dollar, And no stronger girl you've met; Yet this big and robust creature Had been christened Violet.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He is sissified and happy And he shrinks from blows and strife, And he never said a scraggy Word in all his peaceful life. He would show a streak of yellow If he saw a wooden gun; Yet this fussy little fellow Has been christened Well-ing-ton.

—Springfield Union.

She was built of bone and gristle, And her nose was sharp and thin, And her eyes were sharp as gimlets, And she had a scraggy chin; With her tongue she tore her neighbors' Reputation up, and she In the days beyond recalling Had been christened Chia-ri-ty.

—Houston Post.

He is crooked and a graffer, And he seldom tells the truth; Has been robbing other people Ever since he was a youth. Beats his wife and plays the bully, But from any man would run; Yet this much-detested villain Has been named George Washington.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Why There Are No New Jokes

King Ashurbanpal laid down the morning paper, remarking to the Mesdames Ash, etc., that there was nothing new under the sun.

"Miss Carter was born in Mazie, Kansas, at the age of 23 years, five months and one day."—Beadstown, Ill. Star.

For Norwegians Exclusively

I once put on a pair of slits" And I jumped and I danced and I sang. But just how to pronounce the name, I haven't been put wise."

"Just heard from the human encyclopedia who adorns us on the northwest that the plural of ski is ski and that the singular of ski is ski. For which information an expectant world should be duly thankful.

A Diplomat

"How do you like your new music master?" "He is a very nice, polite young man. When I made a mistake yesterday, he said, 'Pray, mademoiselle, why do you take so much pains to improve upon Beethoven?'"—Paris Figaro.

One Good Bathroom, Surely

"That rich Mr. Smith is going to build a home that will cost \$3,000,000." "That looks as if the plumbing was included."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two Essentials

"Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher, who had been giving a lesson on the baptismal covenant, "can you tell me the two things necessary to baptism?" "Yes'm," said Tommy, "water and a baby."—Western Mail.

Survived the Ordeal

A Scot of Peebles said to his friend MacAndrew: "Mac, I hear ye have fallen in love wi' bonny Kate McAllister." "Weel, Sanders," Mac replied, "I was near—verra near—daein' in, but the bit lassie had nae siller, so I said to maself, 'Mac, be a mon,' and I was a mon, and noo I just pass her by."—Argonaut.

Fair Words or Nothing

"George," said the wife to her generally unappreciative husband, "how do you lie by your hat?" "Well, my dear," said George, with great candor, "to tell you the truth—"

"Stop right there, George! If you're going to talk that way about it, I don't want to know."—Ideas.

A Pleasant Ride Ahead

"Great Scott! I forgot to bring the tool kit along." "Good," exclaimed his wife. "Now we can go right on without taking time out for you toinker with the engine."—Detroit Free Press.

The Explanation Man

Oh, de explanation man, he come around a-talkin' strong; De words he uses soun's like dey was five or six feet long. He talks so ornamental dat you has a great desire To drop you daily work an' stan' an' listen an' admire.

You kin an' 'im any question dat you chance To have on hand; His answer will be mos' too fine for you To understand. He will tell you 'bout de taxes an' de cost of what you eat An' 'bout de wars dat fill de world wif sorrow so complete.

But wif all dis conversation 'bout de mos' dat he can say Is dat men jess keep on fightin' an' dey's got de tax to pay. Though he uses ornamental an' he does de bes' he can, You never gets much comfort fum de explanation man.

—Phlander Johnson in the Washington Star.

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

THE literary ancestor of my friend Bradford, who chats so pleasantly every afternoon in the next column but one to this, was a man of historic figure in any account of American journalism or printing. As already I have mentioned the editor who first published an evening paper in this city, I now want to call to your mind the man who printed the first newspaper published in this country south of Massachusetts.

This was Andrew Bradford, the son of William Bradford, who was the first printer in Pennsylvania, and, for that matter, in the Middle Colonies. Andrew was born in Philadelphia in 1686, the year his father issued the first publication from his press.

There is strong reason to believe that William Bradford came to this country with William Penn, and this is one of the things that will be cleared up when my friend Albert Cook Myers completes his search for materials for a life of the founder of Pennsylvania. Mr. Myers is now in England, and is hard at work gathering and copying letters and documents for his projected definitive edition of the works of Penn. I have assumed that he will subsequently write a life of Penn in view of the immense amount of unknown material he has already garnered from the old families in this country and in England and Ireland.

It is only fair to Mr. Myers to say that he has not yet declared that he will do this, but when I suggested it to him, he would not deny that such an idea had come to him, also.

All the early Bradfords were men of distinction, and held high position among their fellow citizens here and in New York, but today I want to talk about Andrew in particular.

READERS of Franklin's "Autobiography" will get an impression of the man and printer that probably is a little prejudiced. I have no doubt that Franklin intended to be fair to his rival in business, both as a printer and as a newspaper publisher, but he does attempt to deride both the subject matter that appeared in Bradford's Weekly Mercury and also the typography of that and the other publications that came from Bradford's Press.

After the elder Bradford has been arrested for an indiscretion, by order of the Provincial Assembly, and his printing shop overhauled with the thoroughness of the old Russian Secret Police, the victim decided to shake the dust of Philadelphia and set up a shop in New York, where indentured had been made to him by the Legislature. This was in 1693, when his son Andrew was about seven years of age. The boy afterward was placed in his father's shop and learned the trade.

There was only a limited amount of printing to be obtained in New York and the Bradfords got it. There was a little in New Jersey, and they got that, too, but in the greater city of Philadelphia and in the more promising province of Pennsylvania there was a lot of trade that was going to others, and the Bradfords seem to have decided that Andrew would better go to Philadelphia and, on the strength of the house, get the official and other business.

So, in 1712, we find Andrew, now a man back in the city of his birth, opening a printing house or, as has been suggested, merely taking over the shop which William Bradford had left in the charge of Reiner Jensen. At this time the only attempt to issue a newspaper in this country had been promptly suppressed in Boston. This was the News-Letter, a little half sheet that I believe made its appearance once; for the publisher, having had the audacity to comment upon the characters of the assembly, it was promptly closed up.

IN THOSE days